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HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Office of The New York Saturday Press,
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

A FAILURE TO BE REGRETTED.

We are extremely sorry to find the following announcement in the last SATURDAY PRESS:

In the spirit of frankness which from the beginning has characterized the SATURDAY PRESS, we are compelled this week to say to its readers and friends, that, having sustained the paper to the best of our ability for now over two years, we find ourselves unable to continue its publication, in some form or other, we have an immediate increase of means.

The little money we had to expend upon it was exhausted long ago, and but for the interest it naturally excited among a few friends of sound literature and an independent press, we should have had to give it up then.

We trust that it will only be necessary to make this statement for it to bring the aid required to keep the SATURDAY PRESS on its legs. If the friends of religion and good morals can contribute so largely to support such expensive establishments as the Tract and Missionary Societies, we should suppose that there might be some liberal-minded people who would be very glad of the opportunity to contribute to the support of a journal which labors for the good of mankind, though not exactly after the pattern of the Tract Society. The SATURDAY PRESS has been conducted with marked ability, though with a considerable degree of Quixotism. For example, in its vaudeville announcements it says:

"One object we had in starting the SATURDAY PRESS was to do what we could toward putting down the puffing business."

This is pure and undefiled Quixotism. The Knight of La Mancha never entertained a crazier notion. To put down the puffing business is about as sensible an undertaking as to attempt to put down crying babies. Go into the Fifth Avenue, and see who live in brown stone fronts, who drive splendid horses, who give good dinners, who spend the summer months at Newport and Saratoga, who keep yachts, who travel in Europe, who are respected for their private virtues, who get into fat offices, whose jokes are laughed at, who are the sought-after on all festive occasions, who dance with the Prince of Wales, and, in short, have the best of everything, and you will find they are the men who have been in the puffing business. If the SATURDAY PRESS had gone into the puffing business, it would not be at the point of giving up the ghost. But its appeal for assistance is pretty good evidence that it has seen the error of its ways, and is now doing a little gentle puffing on its own account.

[From The Ohio State Journal.]

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

There is no reason why a good newspaper should not be 'critically noticed' as well as a stupid book. We regret to learn from the last number of the PRESS, that its present tendencies are slightly suspensory. It announces the fact frankly, and defines newspaper usage, as it always has done. Indeed, the issues of the PRESS have been a series of surprises—more or less agreeable. You never can guess from the temper of one PRESS what the weather of the next will be. It may thunder or shine,—it may do both. One thing is assured to the reader—it will be true to the thoughts and feelings of its editors and contributors, who never publish the thoughts and feelings of anybody else.

The PRESS is independent—with a tendency to the cant of independence. In effect, this is the solitary cake-and-rose of the PRESS. The admirable journal insists that you shall constantly observe its virtue in this respect. If it is anything, it is independent,—it wants that understood. But the people are not blind; they perceive an excellence of this sort without being punched up to it!

We had hoped that the PRESS was a fixed fact in our periodical literature. Without doubt, it is the best literary newspaper in the country. If we have acquired any influence with persons of taste, as journalists of sincerity—we say, subscribe for the PRESS. We believe that such a newspaper ought not to die,—that it will yet experience an interpolation of Providence,—that

No line of all that loveless can fail,
And fall to fortune's rule.

THE CLOSE OF AUTUMN.

BY JOSEPH BARBER.

The dry leaves, whirling in the breeze,
Dance the old door-yard elms beneath,
And the last lingers on the trees,
Join, one by one, the wraiths of death.
Some lie becalmed in slumbered nooks,
Dead surges of a leafy sea,
Some blind with brown the shining brooks,
Some run mad races on the lee.
They flutter through each windward door,
Like birds wing-weary by the storm,
They skim the eaves of every roof,
They fill the woods—a silent swarm.
But whirling on the air aloft,
Or circling in the forest gray,
Dead leaves are hieroglyphs of fate,
The symbols of our own decay.
Weird voices in the cooling breeze,
And prophecy of winter near,
And a sad, quivering semi-tone
Runs through the woods and broom-edge ferns:
Bids hurrying from the clouded North,
Of coming storms the tidings bring,
The moles deeper in the earth,
The insect world has ceased to sing.

As we are rapt in the wood
Dry leaf for the winter fire,
With quicker step, to warm his blood,
The farmer moves through hays and byre:
The wind that shook the tasseled corn,
Among its bare stalks, ghost-like, grieves;
And everywhere the trees, forlorn,
Seem mourning for their perished leaves.

The night-frost, with its silvery crust,
Shall clothe those leaves, and make them fair,
And they shall come—as they must—
By day shall scent the woodland air,
And so, when good men sleep in death,
Upon their graves a brightness lie,
And evermore the dead leaves' breath,
The memories of their virtuous rise.

—N. Y. Weekly Mercury.

A correspondent sends us the following epitaph:
'The name of a married woman is an epitaph.'

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

NOW AND THEN.

I.

The Tryal.

Leans Hesper from the West and looks
O'er fragrant fields and bubbling brooks.
The twilight's pallor, fair and fine,
Melts to a richness half divine.

The soft low wind sings humming by,
To chase some flock across the sky,
To stir the awns upon the grass,
To lift my hair, to touch, and pass.

The chimera are swimming on the air,
The stars flock to be earliest there,
The world from sunset rolls too slow,
The cricket chirps,—and I go.

I see the pool where, dark and still,
The stream is gathered from the hill.
I see the pool, and, as I list,
The thrush betrays our place of tryst.

Noon I shall hear a step how dear!
Soon I shall gaze in eyes how clear!
Soon I shall tremble to that tone—
Soon feel that warm cheek press my own!

I know that 'neath the tender sky
The darling of my soul is nigh,
And wait till rustling branches part,
And we stay thrilling heart to heart.

O glowing eyes! O throbbing lips!
Such joy shall never taste eclipse.
What noon this twilight's warmth shall know!
We love—and life love deepens so!

Yet one sense beats through every kiss,
Striking a keener edge to bliss:
We pass—these stars be calm—and still
The stream be gathered from the hill.

II.

The Pool.

While the day wastes
And darkness hastes,
I am apart.

Let wide gray cloud
These heavens shroud
As now my heart!

Put off my crown,
Life narrows down,
The kingdom wanes.

My robe shows
No royal glows,
Nor purple stains.

No sunshine falls
Upon the walls
That hedge about.

No light wind calls
At sunset sighs,
To bid me out.

And yet the day
Should be most gay
Of Summer's band.

For brightness bathes
And perfume swaths
The blossomed land.

I hear no foot
Crush flower or root,
Or pathway-stone.

No tenderest voice
Makes love rejoice,
With dear swift tone.

O noontide ray,
Cease all your play
In leaf and bough!

O great blue sky,
Soar not so high,
But sudden now!

I am alone!
Alone! Alone!
Nor more can be.

Forever buoyed
In Death's great void
Eternity.

False! False! . . . The dread
That hither led
Leaves rest instead!

Soft o'er my head,
Dark water, tread,
When I am dead!

HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

[From The London Saturday Review.]

THE WASHINGTONS.

The moral and theological novel has long been recognized as a bore, if not as something worse; and it is pretty generally understood by this time, that the proper end and object of fiction is to amuse. If a writer can inform and elevate his readers while he amuses them, all the better; and a really good work of fiction, whatever may be its specialty, will always be instructive. But an author must always fall more or less signally as a novelist, if his chief purpose is merely to convey useful or curious information under the disguise of romance. Hence the general want of interest even in very clever and painstaking attempts to represent the life and manners of past ages, when the author's object is mainly polemical or antiquarian. Such tales as *Valerius*, and *Charmione*, and *Fabola*, are, after all, dreary reading. There are, of course, some exceptions to the rule. Scott and Thackeray have been able to throw themselves, as it were, into other states of society; and Bulwer Lytton and Kingsley have shown how to combine spirited and accurate presentations of the life and manners of Pompeii and Alexandria with a very high amount of human interest. No such pretension, however, is sustained by Mr. Simpson in his recent novel, called *The Washingtons*. It is a production of almost unexampled dryness and heaviness. Religious novels have, at least for the most part, the merit of a strong spice of active animosity and uncharitableness, but the mere archaeological tale is dullness itself. We remember to have seen an attempt by an antiquarian lady to make a love story out of the Bayeux tapestry, but even this was a more hopeful task than to create a romance out of some old tombstones and household accounts. Mr. Simpson, finding himself in the agreeable position of a Northamptonshire incumbent, with a noble earl for his squire, sets himself the most laudable task of investigating the antiquities of his parish. There were certain monuments and epitaphs in his church and churchyard, and Lord Romney's library at Althorp contained an iron chest of forgotten account-books of the seventeenth century. The reader was most usefully

employed in exploring the one and deciphering the other. There are hosts of excellent publications, from the quarto pages of the *Archæologia* to the fugitive leaves of the latest formed society for studying local antiquities, which would have printed the Household Books of Althorp at large; and the Brington epitaphs, with every point or abbreviation given in facsimile, would have been a very godsend to some of our literary contemporaries. And then the fact that certain Washingtons, presumed ancestors of the great American hero, were commemorated on the said tombstones, might have formed the subject of endless communications and replies, from both sides of the Atlantic, in *Notes and Queries*. But all these chances of distinction have been thrown away by the Rector of Brington. His evil genius suggested the thought that out of these dry bones he might create a seventeenth-century romance. Accordingly, he presents the public with a handsome volume, resplendent on back and sides with the gilt armorial bearings of the Washington family, and striped all over like a velvet with the heraldic bars and mottos which have been glorified into the stars and stripes of the Republican flag. Two thirds of this gorgeous book are occupied by a story of the most inconceivable tenacity of argument and poverty of detail, and the remaining portion consists of inventories, and miscellaneous extracts from the Althorp archives. The problem which Mr. Simpson has set himself is to construct a story in which the contemporary Spencers and Washingtons, as he finds them commemorated in the Althorp and Brington documents and registers, figure as the dramatic personæ. He seems to suppose that additional truthfulness and point are secured to his romance by the device of fitting to all the characters introduced the actual names borne by the person and clerk, the house-keeper and groom, and all the other worthies of the parish of Brington or the manor of Althorp. "Between the parish register," he says, "on the one hand, with its exact array of names, its stern life facts, and its curious incidental notices—and the account-books on the other, with their varied details of everyday life—such a vivid picture of the period before me that I was induced to work it out, and even venture to believe that others may judge it to possess a more than local interest." We regret to say that this is, in our case, an unfounded hope; and we are obliged to differ altogether from the author as to what constitutes a 'vivid picture' of the past.

The new facts which Mr. Simpson has collected about the Washington family are slight and unimportant, and these he has so interwoven with what was already known about the subject from the researches of Baker, the historian of Northamptonshire, and with his own conjectures, that it is difficult to distinguish the false from the true. Considering the interest naturally attaching to the most trifling details of Washington's ancestry in the minds of American hero-worshippers, it is quite unjustifiable, for example, to assume, without documentary authority, that John, the emigrant, was educated at Westminster School. Mr. Simpson further places himself upon the discovery, from the Althorp Household Books, that this John Washington was knighted by James I. in 1625, and that he died in 1632. But it seems as if this fact throws some slight degree of doubt upon the identity of the emigrant with the Washington of Brington. This identification is after all little more than presumptive, though it was accepted by the first President, and is endorsed by his biographers, Jared Sparks and Washington Irving. But, considering that the Washington who emigrated to Virginia did so, as it is agreed, upon Royalist grounds, during the time of the Commonwealth, it seems somewhat improbable that he dropped his title, or that it was forgotten by his descendants. Upon the strength of this knighthood, however, Mr. Simpson further finds for his hero a hitherto unsuspected matrimonial connexion with one Mary Curtis, whose mural monument still remains in Ipp church. Baker had either overlooked this circumstance, or had rejected its pertinence to the emigrant Washington. But, if it was really this Sir John Washington who went to America, we have here evidence that he was widowed in 1624, leaving three sons, Mordant, John, and Philip, 'of whom,' says Mr. Simpson, 'no genealogist has taken account as yet.' The date of the emigration being taken to be 1657, we confess to some doubts whether the first wife was really this Sir John Washington. For he must have been at least sixty years of age at that date. To have been widowed in 1624, with three sons already born, he must have been married about 1620, and born before the close of the preceding century.

The following strange paragraph will, we think, damage any credit Mr. Simpson may wish to claim as an original historical inquirer:

It is a conjecture again on my part, and not an ascertained fact, that he had a place at Court about the King, and that his manner of South Cave was given him, or procured for him, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Perhaps these matters might be thoroughly made out by those who know their way about the State Paper Office, and who are sufficiently interested in the subject to undertake the investigation. I have neither opportunity nor knowledge for such researches.

It may surely be asked, in reply, why then he wrote the present book? Upon the whole, we cannot see that the present writer has thrown much light on the ancestry of Washington. His best suggestion seems to be that the Sir John who took refuge in Virginia after being implicated in the Royalist conspiracy of 1656, carried his son John with him; and that to the latter, rather than to his father, are to be assigned the campaign against the Indians and the marriage with Ann Pope which are recorded by American tradition. But it is not more likely than this, that this younger John—born, as the Ipp tablet shows, before 1624—was himself the conspirator and the refugee? This supposition would get rid of the difficulty of the dates, and would not compel us to believe that the emigrant laid aside his knightly title. The subject of the Washington pedigree is interesting enough on both sides of the Atlantic to justify Mr. Simpson in his speculations and inquiry. But he has been singularly ill-advised in attempting to weave his slender facts into a romance. It is a chance whether any one will be at the pains, even by the help of his appendix, to disentangle the imaginary from the true. To any who are really anxious to investigate the English antecedents of the great President, we may observe that the recently published *Familiae of Yorkshire*, by Sir W. Douglas, in 1666, gives a pedigree of the Washingtons of Althorp, a collateral branch, bearing the same arms—argent, two bars and in chief three mullets gules, a crescent for difference.

We must leave the loves of John Washington and Amy Curtis, and of Philip Curtis and Amy Washington, for the votaries of the gossamer delusion. There is not a spark of life from the first page to the last. Mr. Simpson has taken some pains with the character of Master Complex, the parson of Brington; but he has quite failed to convince us that such a specimen of village stupidity and bigotry, and of the kind of hypocrisy, of his own type of the 'country parson'—and a genuine phenomenon in that age, the reader has studied better in his own country school.

We give him credit for diligence in reading. He says he has read, Bacon, Plutarch, Harlequin, Shakespeare, Fuller, and others, besides the contemporary dramatists, in order to learn the phraseology of the first half of the seventeenth century. But a feeble imitation of the vigorous and racy talk of the age has never fallen under our notice. A few locutions and phrases and the most preposterous bad grammar form the simple elements of this writer's recipe for connecting the rustic speech of his chosen period.

He is more at home with his inventories and extracts from the Althorp household books. Here will be found a really very curious account of the provisions, etc., laid in for the banquet given to Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, in August, 1644, amounting to considerably more than £1000, exclusive of the value of the home produce of the estates. And Lady Penelope's housekeeping-book, of which two weeks are given, is singularly minute and elaborate, registering all the food consumed, with its estimated price. These accounts are well worthy of publication in full, and an analysis of them would be most useful and instructive. We are much struck with the quantity of fish, fresh and salted, consumed by the household. Larks, 'barns'—nine in one week—blackbirds, and plovers were eaten; and sugar was used extensively. Two pounds of hard sugar were given out for the 'silly babes' (as the good lady calls 'children'), and there was an allowance of one pound, at 1s. 2d., to 'Nurse Marmaduke'. The only proper place for this volume is as an antiquarian shelf; but its sober neighbors will be scandalized by its gay exterior and its airy pretensions to be a work of fiction.

FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Persian's flowery gifts, the shrine
Of fruitful cereals, charm no more;
The woven wreaths of oak and pine
Are dust along the Indian shore.

But beauty hath its home still here,
And nature holds us still in debt;
And woman's grace and household skill,
And manhood's toil are honored yet.

And we, too, amidst our flowers
The power to make it own again
The blessing of the Summer hours,
The early and the latter rain;

To see our Father's hand once more
Reverse for us the phantom hour
Of Autumn, filled and running o'er
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn!

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
In Nature's bloodless triumph fold.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Her Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.
O, favors every year made new!

O, gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
O, bounties over us our day,
O, bounties over us our day,
O, bounties over us our day.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair;
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than Summer-wedded lands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
And brave and generous lives can warm
A climate with Northern lives cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

[From The Sunday Atlas.]

ALAS! POOR 'SATURDAY PRESS'.

The SATURDAY PRESS makes the announcement, in so many words, that it has 'gone in'—that it has run through the small capital—amounted as only \$1,000,—with which it started; and that, if a few more weeks do not see some peculiar and scarcely-expected aid afforded it—it will stop. We should feel disposed to regret the fact announced—as the SATURDAY PRESS has really at times shown a vim and ability almost worthy of living,—but that it takes occasion, in what it proclaims to be its death-throes, not to sing like a dying swan, but to growl and snarl more like a moribund canine quadruped, at the same time that it makes a whine for a little more life. It fully informs us that: "If it would only go into the puffing business, at so much a line, in imitation of its contemporaries, it could be made to pay at once." Also that: "To such an extent is this business [the puffing] carried, especially in the weekly papers, though by no means confined to them, that it has come to be their chief source of profit." Also that: "The public ought to know this, because it is the public that are swindled; and that: 'In no other way can they more effectively put an end to the swindle, than by supporting a paper which no advertiser dares approach with a bribe.'

We do not like to be severe towards a dying man; or animal; and yet we must tell the moribund SATURDAY PRESS some truths. Men (or papers) ostentatiously paraded as unapproachable by bribes, are generally regarded as bidding for the insertion of 'puffs,' it must admit some deviation. A paper does not die alone for want of circulation (which is all that the regretted swindle could have aided), when, after two years' publication, in a great city like New York, it has fifty per cent. less advertising (which it does take) than it had when it started. All the world does not admire bad institutions of the French journalists and feuilletonists; nor appreciate occasional puffs of Walt Whitman's dirty 'Leaves of Grass'; nor make a steady babbling of the bombast of the Bohemians of Literature. Spite of the said and conceded ability which it has at times displayed—when the epitaph of the SATURDAY PRESS comes to be written, it will have no reference to the 'lack of money for advertising,' nor yet to the perverted taste of the public, which will pay for advertising in its own way, in papers of circulation and influence. That epitaph will read: 'Died of too much Bohemian twaddle.'

The English literary papers appear to be unanimous in their opinion that the 'Great Tribulation,' foretold by the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E., &c., with such local and self-styled self-righteousness, has been fulfilled in the publication by the same person of the *Grand Proposition*. As the spirit-spoken prophecy, by means of their feebly bodied, their spiritual constitutions, on this new school of Prophets is that the world will be brought to its knees, the spiritual world will be brought to its knees, the world, and only in their own dream imaginations.

[For The New York Saturday Press.]

TEN YEARS AND TEN DAYS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

It is the 21st of January, 1858. I have stopped at this little wayside-inn, not only that I may dine, but that I may overlook the town where I was born, and see my father's house, from which I have been ten years away. I shall stay here at this inn—a very comfortable spot, the sign of the Thomas Jefferson—until to-morrow, and think over all the events which have made me an exile for such a period, and what has occurred since.

Ten years ago I stopped at this house for a drink of water. I was then a pardoned criminal going forth to find a new home and a new name among a new people. And I have found them.

It is only ten years; but by the will of Heaven, I return rich, and with a good position in the home that I have left.

I look out now from this window, and below me—for the inn stands much higher than the town—is my father's house. It is perhaps six miles away. Farther still, on the right, there is a low, grey, stone building, with gabled windows. That is the county jail.

In that building, ten years ago, I was confined two months, awaiting my trial for forgery. From that building I was conveyed to court, where I was convicted. In consequence of the respectability of my father, who had repaid all the forged notes himself, and my former good character, the Governor granted me a pardon.

I will tell all the circumstances connected with it. My brother, Wilson Amer, and myself, Robert Amer, were clerks in the store of Allen & Graham, the owners of that large drab-colored building standing away on the wharf about one mile below my father's house. That group of vessels in the river belong to Allen & Graham, and they still continue their business. I am told prosperously, on the same spot. My brother Wilson was four years older than myself. We were my father's only children, and my mother had been dead since I was three years old. I loved my brother Wilson, I loved him better than any other thing upon the earth, until I saw Eunice Manly, and then I loved her beyond all the world, beyond my brother, beyond myself, and I fear beyond my God.

Yes; I say this because I soon found that Eunice Manly loved my brother Wilson better than she loved myself, and then I hated my brother Wilson, and for many weeks I could have slain him, but for fear of a discovery. In all those dark weeks I was a murderer at heart. I wanted only the opportunity to become one in reality. During this period I think Eunice Manly feared me. She never would allow me the chance of speaking with her alone. She would not walk with me, or indeed enter into any lengthened conversation. I believe Eunice Manly read my heart and feared me. Then, one day, as I sat over my desk, I thought of all this, and looking upon it, even then, in the light of policy, I thought how foolish it was for me to sacrifice my hopes in this way. Then, I determined to be as kind and as courteous as I was now spiteful and rude, and perhaps by this means I might yet win her love and displace my brother.

Again for weeks I carried out my plans. My brother met my kindness more than half way, but I could still see there was a distrust with Eunice. I labored long and diligently to win some show from her, and at last believing I had succeeded in impressing her, from my observation of the fact that between Eunice and my brother there did not seem to be so much intimacy as there had been, than from any encouragement she gave me, I determined to avow myself and hear her answer.

It was a very beautiful evening in May. Eunice would now walk with me—and we walked down by the river where the Lombardy poplars line its banks. I believe Eunice had a presentiment of something coming—from my silence perhaps. Several times I proposed to sit, but she said 'No!' I offered to take her hand, it was quickly withdrawn, but not so quick but I could feel the tremor. I had determined to speak that night, and I must speak or die. At last I stammered:

"Eunice, Eunice Manly, I would speak with you!" She turned her pale face round full in the moonlight, and how white it was without the aid of the moon.

"Well, Robert, I am here, why do you not speak?" It was the first time she ever had called me 'Robert,' and my heart caught at the sound as a dying man clutches at a hope of life.

"Eunice!" I faltered, "for a long time back I have acted very badly,—but believe me, Eunice, it was prompted by no ill feeling either toward my brother or to yourself."

"It is all forgiven and forgotten, Robert."

"Yes, Eunice, I confess to you that I did hate my brother Wilson, because I thought you loved him."

She laid her hand quickly in mine.

"And why," she said, "should you hate Wilson because I loved him?"

"Eunice, I loved you myself!" How quickly the hand was withdrawn! "Yes, Eunice, loved you better than my life. I have loved you silently. I have lived upon my love, and now to-night, Eunice, I have brought you here to declare it."

"Let us go home," she said, walking away rapidly.

"No, not until you hear me, Eunice; I love you. You must tell me that you return my love, or I am lost. You are my first dream of life. Hear me. Say that you love me,—that you will marry me!"

"O! Robert Amer," she sobbed, "why is this? Do you not know that I am to marry your brother? Do you not know that we are to be married in a month?"

I have read, somewhere in the memoirs of a State prisoner, who was confined for seventeen years, during all which time he never heard the sound of a human voice but once,—then it was that the door of his dungeon opened, and these words came out of the darkness,—the speaker he could not see:

"By the order of his Majesty, the Emperor, I am commanded to inform you, that, on this day one year ago your wife died."

I was that prisoner—Eunice Manly the voice coming out of the darkness.

In that little moment how many years I lived! Those words rang in my ears,—not only as the doom of my body, they rang as the doom of my soul—I caught both the hands of Eunice Manly in my own; I looked into her face; I cannot believe there was anything in my countenance that night less than a demon. I looked up to the stars, and then upon the water rippling in the moonlight, and then came a whisper to me:

"Why not, why not kill her here upon the sand? No eye sees you, Robert Amer. Will you resign to your brother more than your life?"

And then the stars, and the trees, and the waters,

chanced and shrouded, and blended into one dark mass, and Eunice Manly loomed above them all as a great angel, her head sweeping the sky; and the next I knew I was lying on my back on the sand, and I held my hands up in the moonlight, and saw they were covered with blood. Then it all came back, and I shrieked 'Eunice!' and raised my head, expecting to see her lying dead by my side.

She was coming toward me from the water's edge, and sprang, as I called, quicker, and knelt by my side. She had wet her handkerchief, and now pressed it upon my forehead, as she drew my head upon her arm. O! the heaven of that moment! The joy in the knowledge that I was not a murderer; that I had not killed her. And there was she kneeling beside me, my head resting against her heart, every beat of which I could hear. There was but one wish, then, in my mind. It was that some power would so act upon us that we might remain thus forever. I would not speak, lest she might think I had recovered, and withdraw her arm. But soon she addressed me, and told how I had fainted and fell; how, in falling, I had struck upon a stone, cutting myself upon the head;—the blood upon my hands came from this. How she had called for help, but none came; and then I arose, and we walked toward home. Eunice it was who talked:

"It seemed strange to me, Robert, that you should not have known what I have told you to-night, but when I think that yourself and Wilson have not been upon the same terms of confidence you once were, of which I am the unhappy cause, I do not wonder at it, though I blame Wilson that he should have denied you this proof of brotherhood."

Then I thought how I had availed every opportunity for my brother Wilson to enter upon any conversation with me alone—how I had even gone so far as to lock the door of my room and extinguish the light when I heard his foot upon the stairs, feigning asleep and refusing to answer his knock. By my own pride I had been wounded. Then I knew but for this I might gradually have awakened to my error, and not by one dreadful blow had the light of life crashed out of my heart forever.

I could only answer, "The fault is mine."

"No!" she said, "I take to myself all the wrong of this. It was I that should have healed the breach I knew was growing between brothers. And now, Robert, you have said to-night that you love me. I will not reject your love, I will even return it, freely, truly, brother Robert. Love me, let us love each other. I have no other brother than you. Shall it be so?" and she placed her hand in mine as before. It was cold, but the tremor was gone.

"Before Heaven," I answered, "I will love you as no brother ever loved sister yet."

As I spoke I drew her to me, and without her resistance I pressed one long kiss upon her pale lips; and so went Eunice Manly into her home never to come back again into my heart in the same form as before.

That night I walked long upon the wharf before the store of Allen & Graham, and tried to peer far into the future, but all was dark; I could discern nothing that carried away any of the burden that was upon me, and then a vision of a bloated, drowned corpse, lying there upon the wharf in the sunshine, next day, and my dear old father kneeling beside it, flashed before me. No! I was not brave enough for that. So I hastened away home. A shiver ran over me. I started at every tree, bush, and stone, by the way-side. Something was with me at every step, that screamed,

"Robert Amer, thrice guilty man; thrice hast thou been a murderer! Thy brother; Eunice Manly; and thyself.

Robert, brave brother!" and she fled back to the house.

Yes, Eunice, "brave brother." Now I deserve thy praise.

The light had gone out. In one moment had I extinguished it with prayer.

Still I sat upon my soul as a heavy weight. What could it do to atone for my crime?

There was no peace-offering I could present my brother. I was not rich, even had I been it would not satisfy my own heart. One dream haunted my mind forever. O! that I had but one human ear into which I could pour my sorrows and ask for sympathy and advice. There was not one upon earth I could trust, and with all my prayer I had not yet drawn near enough to God.

Three weeks after the marriage my brother and I walked together one morning to the store—generally, as junior clerk, I preceded him. As we entered I saw the partners, Mr. Allen and Mr. Graham, through the sash of the door in their private office. A stranger, whom I did not recognize as any person belonging to the town, was with them. I saw the stranger come to the door, drop the curtains over the sash, and look above it some minutes at my brother and myself. Wilson, I was sure, did not see this. There was something strangely unpleasant in the man, and though I have not seen him since that day, I know I shall always be able to recognize him through life. In about a quarter of an hour after this, Mr. Allen came to the door and called Wilson and myself. Wilson started quickly, locked the safe, and followed me into the office.

Mr. Allen introduced the stranger as Mr. Smith of New York.

What made my brother Wilson stagger and turn so pale. He sat down without looking at the stranger, then immediately rising, bowed distantly, and seemed perfectly at ease.

Mr. Allen it was that spoke: "Gentlemen, we have a very unpleasant subject to consult you on. Mr. Smith, who is an officer, has this morning arrived from New York, with the notes you see lying on the table; they have our names to them, and are forgeries to a large amount. It is only known that these notes have been sold in New York, and the proceeds transmitted to a Mr. Amer. Which of you gentlemen pleads guilty to this?"

What a flood passed over me during the utterance of those words—honor, shame, joy! Yes, joy! There was the cup held to my very lips. I thank Heaven which gave me presence of mind, that I might drink. There was not one moment's hesitation. Looking Mr. Allen in the eye, I said: "True I."

My brother started toward me. I put out my hand to keep him away, I saw he was choking with words. In a moment, if my brother spoke, my place would be lost. With my hand extended, I continued:

"I want no sympathy. I alone am guilty. I acquiesce in my brother's crime. He knew nothing of this. Upon me be the shame."

And then, turning to the officer, I said:

"I am your prisoner."

My brother had fallen upon the floor in a faint, and Mr. Graham was trying to revive him. I was convinced then, and there, that Smith the officer knew the truth. He looked through me, and I, cringing fool that I was, cast an imploring glance at him, that he might understand if he had divined my secret that I was begging him to keep it. I was young then, and did not know how little he cared who was the guilty one, so that he got a prisoner, and his pay for the ruin and shame.

What employment can there be on earth like this,—the "Detective Officer"? While there is any labor of mind or body still to be executed upon earth, does it not seem strange that men will take such an occupation? There is nothing sacred to this man; Death has no terrors,—unless it comes to his own person. The moans, the tears of the wife, mother, sister, and child, over the lost, the fallen, have no weight save when he views them as a benefit to himself. He is at war with all society; a Pariah in the midst of his kind; a weaver of sorrows, who counts them by dollars and cents; the most degraded of all human kind—"a Thief-catcher!"

The next hour I saw my father, dear old man! I had never seen him weep before; but I had no tears to mingle with his; I was cold and impassible. I had no further confession to make; only that one answer to all his questions: I was guilty. I declined entering into any particulars.

My brother Wilson was raving with a brain fever next morning. This I heard from my father, who came to see me at the prison. I could only kiss his wrinkled hand, and ask his forgiveness.

Then came Eunice. What a change had to have been spared this! where was the soft smile? Gone! The rosy cheeks, the bright eyes? Gone, gone! She gave me her hand, and I raised it to my lips; it was cold as marble, and Eunice's teeth chattered as she spoke to me. I remembered but one question:

"Brother Robert, are you guilty?"

"I am guilty," I answered; and then I fell in agony upon my knees before Eunice, not to ask her forgiveness, but to plead with her not to come to me, or ever to see me again. This I besought her, as the only, the last sacrifice she could make me, in this world. With a bursting heart, but without a tear, she yielded—she promised. And Eunice went forth from my prison cell, and since that hour I have not beheld her. They bore me tidings every day of my brother Wilson. The first week after my arrest he had required continual watching; he had called upon me by name, and struggled to get away from his keepers; that he might come to me. Now he was quiet, alarmingly so; he never spoke, refused by the most piercing cries to be removed from his bed, did not recognize any one, but seemed to have lost all memory and mental power. The physicians said it was the reaction from a great shock, and time and care would restore him. Friends came to me. I knew curiosity was their motive, and soon I refused to see them. My father offered to enter bail for me and told me to fly. I would not answer him by his ruin. I refused counsel, I knew it could but prolong the end. There was no hope, I had confessed myself guilty, and if I had not it could be proved against me, and so my mind was decided. There was nothing left but a conviction. I accepted it.

The day of trial came. It was rarely the inhabitants of the little town had an opportunity for anything approaching excitement. The schedule of crime for years had not been above petty larceny. It was therefore a gala-day, when the son of Squire Amer was to be arraigned for a heavy crime.

I could see as I glanced from the windows of the carriage, that the town was alive. A crowd of shouting boys followed us, and another of men blew their flags to the court-room. A confused murmur of voices was about me, a softness. I could discern figures now and then, I knew that many would be to me, but I did not whether they were sorrowful, I could recognize faces that seemed to me familiar in dreams, but I did not know them, long, long ago, a century perhaps, or more. I saw the judge upon the bench—a grave, white-haired man, and for an instant caught his eye. He said to me, "Fly, fly! no young! but I must do my duty." And then I heard him say, "Who is the counsel in this case?"

"And I answered as though I talked to one far away: "There is no counsel, there is no defense, the plea is Guilty." Then I could hear a murmur of dissent and disapprobation, go up from the crowd who had been disappointed of their amusement, and the voice of the father calling "Silence!" and the order of the judge that any of the audience disturbing the court should be ejected, and then there was silence again. I could hear the murmuring of the clerk's pen, as he reported the plea.

What the expression of the court's face was, I cannot say, but I felt that the judge's countenance was stern.

of seven years." Seven years! It was too short a time. Why did he not say seventy years? I could not die in seven years. Let me hope, perhaps I may. Another beam and hum, and I was taken again by my cell call to come forward to the next point next day. I think I slept better that night than I had before since my arrest. The trouble was principally over; I had only one point to fall. I had charged all that I could upon my brother Wilson, but I had not written enough to speak with any one, a letter I had written should be given to him. In this letter I charged him with everything that was sacred, by all the past, by his care for my life and my hereafter, to come to me, to let me see him and converse with him, before he breathed a word to any living soul.

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A pardon from the Governor! I was not thankful. No! then I was not. But God doeth all things well. Mechanically I went forth into the pure air of heaven. My father sobbed and cried all the way, I shed not a tear. Why should I weep? I had been defrauded of my due, I had been denied my statement.

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I was stretched upon my pallet the morning after my trial, when the padlock clanked against the door. It was an unusually early hour for any one to enter my cell. I only thought it was the call for my departure, to change my confinement for one more loathsome. I sprang to my feet and received in my arms my dear old father. He could not speak; he only cried aloud like a child and held out a paper in his hand. The keeper who had opened the door, it was he who said, "A pardon!"

A pardon from the Governor! I was not thankful. No! then I was not. But God doeth all things well. Mechanically I went forth into the pure air of heaven. My father sobbed and cried all the way, I shed not a tear. Why should I weep? I had been defrauded of my due, I had been denied my statement.

My father wished to carry me home,—my dear father! He talked of all his plans for the future,—how I was to be reinstated with Allen & Graham, who were to forget all the past, and give me back my old position in their confidence,—how the notes had been paid. All would be well. But poor Wilson was yet speechless, and the old man's tears broke out afresh. I was cold to every word that said stay. I only consented to every word that said go to the old homestead for a day or two, on condition that nobody saw me during that time,—no one save himself and the old housekeeper, who had always been to me as a mother. I declared to my father my unalterable intention to leave home, to leave the country, and seek in another land forgetfulness of the past.

Two days I staid in my father's house. In this time I wrote a long letter to Wilson, telling him of all the past,—my love for Eunice, my criminal thought against her and against myself, my joy of the bearing the burden of his guilt. I told him I was happy, and in conclusion, swore that if ever he betrayed my secret, I would curse him unto death. This letter I left in the hands of my father, to be given to Wilson whenever he was able to receive it. Another I left for himself, telling him to look upon his son Robert as dead. And the next morning at daylight, I stole noiselessly into the old man's room, kissed his hand, and went out to the world to begin my life.

And now it is the 21st of January, 1860, and I sit here by the inn window, and look down upon the old scene, and O! with what different thoughts than when I last gazed upon its every well-known locality. My brother Wilson is dead; he died in August last. My father still lives. My father is very old; seventy-eight, he will be, in a few weeks. Eunice lives; she has two children; the oldest is named after myself—Robert Amer.

I have been a wanderer in many lands. I have made no effort to attain wealth, but it has fallen in unbidden upon me. I came last from St. Petersburg, where I have been now for four years. It was here my father and Wilson first heard of me, and wrote. My father's letters implored me to return home, that I might be with him when he passed into the silent land. He bade me come and inherit the old man's savings. He said that Wilson had prospered,—that he was beginning to be thought the richest man in town. Wilson wanted nothing from his father; it was all reserved for me.

Wilson also wrote me to the same end. He was, he said, in bad health, he had never entirely recovered his shock. He asked that I would return, he was only living until he could throw himself at my feet, thank me, bless me, confess all, and then die.

My answer to my father was my blessing, and promise that I would see him at some future time in this world or the next, and the remittance of a very large sum, which I begged he would invest as he saw fit, and use the income in any way he pleased. If he had no use for it himself, let it be bestowed in charity.

To Wilson I did not write. I sent through my father words of love and affection to him and to Eunice. I determined in my own mind never to return home until Wilson was dead.

In October last, I received the intelligence of his death. I had, from his declining health, been expecting it, still when it came I was shocked, and could not for a long time recover. With it came several letters from my father and from Eunice. As his deathbed Wilson had told all; all but his criminality. He had produced my parting letter, and died leaving all his property in my hands, to be disposed of as I saw fit. Eunice's letter was very short, every word was written with a trembling hand; but it still said, "Come! come! come!"

I must go home. I am here; to-morrow I shall see my dear old father, and Eunice. I stay here to-night, that I may look upon the town, and collect myself. I have thoroughly examined my heart, and know that all the past is blotted out that touches my first love for Eunice. I shall only look upon her as a darling sister, and I sincerely pray I may never think of her in any other light.

To-morrow I shall see them all, including my two nephews, Robert and Wilson, whom I am prepared to love in advance. "Good night!"

First of February.—I open this paper again to say that I have been at home ten days to-day. In that time I have lived ten years. I have seen all, and it seems scarcely possible that ten years have passed away. My dear father looks younger than when I went from home. There is nothing altered in the town. The old house has been a public place for that ten years. Everybody has been in and out of the house as if it were to be at home or not. They have passed upon me all sorts of rough and kind congratulations. I have received bushels of potatoes, apples, and turnips, in presents, to say nothing of cabbage and other delicacies. Mr. Allen and Mr. Graham, have been to see me. Old Mr. Allen cried a little bit, but made no reference to the past. All is known; for which I grieve deeply. I would for rather the secret had been kept, and I left to die alone in the midst of all my happiness. I still doubt myself. They are fine boys, my nephews. Robert is nine years old, Wilson seven. I shall make a soldier of Robert,—that "I," some presumption, but I speak no one who is left but the grandson of the boy, and I see a decided leaning in the temperament of Robert to such a calling. He declared to me yesterday his intense admiration for the character of Napoleon, who knows but he may be a second Napoleon. Wilson will make a merchant. My dear old father behaves like one demoted. He cannot seem to be disgusted with my society. His strongest ambition is to carry me triumphantly through the surrounding country introducing me to those who already know me.

"My son, Mr. Only thirty-one years old!" And then he said, "But he has been years abroad, and made a fortune of a million." I am indeed very happy to think my good fortune is a source of pleasure to him, though his simple words will not tell for me.

And I have seen Eunice. Eunice is still very kind. What then when I loved her? Eunice is twenty-eight this day, it is her birthday. She found me here, passed through so much. Everybody wishes her to be the most beautiful woman in the country. I have been able to see Eunice all my brother's property. For the first time I will admit to them in what I feel.

My first interview with Eunice was very painful. I was not prepared for anything like this. I was very much surprised to find that she was not at all changed. She was the same as ever, and I felt that I could trust her.

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